

La Mazela



La Mezcla

1919

Edited by the Pupils of

Armijo Union High School

Fairfield-Suisun

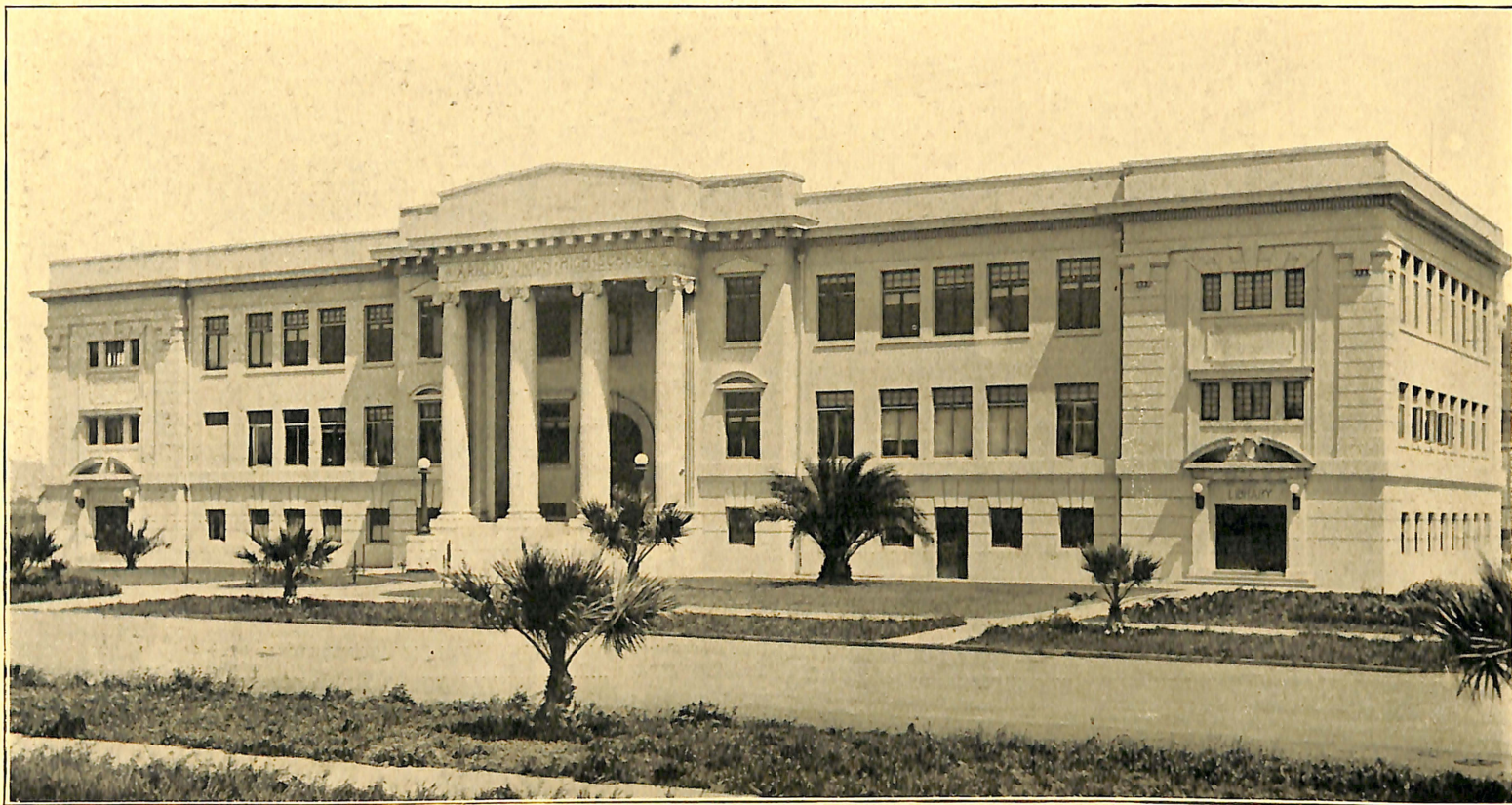


GILBERT R. JONES

We.
the Students of Armijo.
do hereby dedicate this issue of
“La Mezcla”
To Gilbert R. Jones.
in recognition of his five years
Unswerving Fidelity
to Our Ideals

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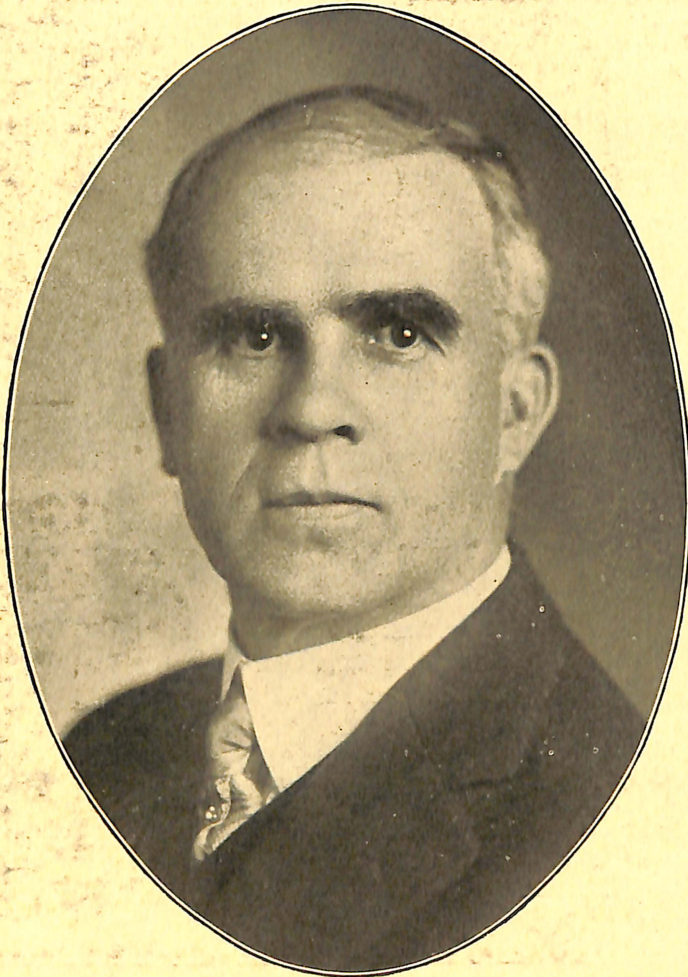
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ARMIJO UNION HIGH SCHOOL. FAIRFIELD-SUISUN

STUDENT BODY





MR. MACKAY

MEMBERS OF FACULTY

WILLIAM M. MACKAY, Principal
Latin Advanced Mathematics History

HEDWIG E. BALLASEYUS
English I and II Music Commercial Arithmetic

J. H. FIREHAMMER
Science Agriculture

MIRIAM SIBERTS
Spanish History

CLAIRE A. TUCKER
English III and IV Athletics

GILBERT R. JONES
Manual Training Mechanical Drawing Military Drill

MARTHA F. WOLFF
Mathematics Biology

A. C. BOUDREAU
Commercial Stenography Athletics

MARGARET E. HENRICH
Domestic Science Freehand Drawing Gymnasium

MEMBERS OF FACULTY



Hedwig E. Ballaseyus



J. H. Frechhammer



Miriam Sibertis



Claire A. Tucker



Gilbert R. Jones



Martha F. Wolff



A. C. Boudrears



Marguerite E. Hennrich



EDITORIAL

FAIRFIELD, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 12, 1919

STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....AMY BRADY
 MANAGER.....AMASA MORSE
 LITERARY.....EDNA RINSET
 EXCHANGES.....ELLARD WILLIAMS
 ALUMNI.....JEWEL ROBERTS
 DRAMATICS.....OLIVIA HOYT
 SNAPS.....
 { LESLIE GORDON
 { ISABEL BRAY
 { HOWARD GOOSEN

SOCIETY.....ELAINE SWANSON
 JOSHES.....
 { ALFRED SPARKS
 { CHARLOTTE MAYFIELD
 { RALEIGH PEABODY
 GIRLS' ATHLETICS.....MARY PHILLIPS
 BOYS' ATHLETICS.....ARTHUR BAILEY
 SENIOR HISTORY.....NELLIE BRYAN
 SOPHOMORE HISTORY.....LOUIE MORSE
 JUNIOR HISTORY.....LA VERNE DUNKER
 FRESHMEN HISTORY.....VERNON MORRILL

MEMBERS OF STAFF



First row—Amy Brady, Amasa Morse, Edna Rinset, Ellard Williams, Jewel Roberts, Olivia Hoyt. Second row: Leslie Gordon, Isabel Bray, Howard Goosen, Elaine Swanson, Raleigh Peabody, Charlotte Mayfield, Alfred Sparks. Third row—Mary Phillips, Arthur Bailey, Nellie Bryan, Louis Morse, La Verne Dunker, Vernon Morrill.

EDITORIAL ADDRESS

Again do we go to press and no one knows but ourselves just what difficulties we had to surmount and what trials and tribulations we had to overcome. The one great hindrance was the Spanish Influenza, which called around at a very inopportune moment, breaking into our well organized school regime, setting us far back in our school work, and causing our athletics, especially basketball, to almost completely go out of existence. During our first enforced vacation, which lasted for seven weeks, we did absolutely nothing along the line of school work, but lay idle around home or else put on one of those suffocating "flu" masks and assisted the Red Cross in their great activity in combating the dread disease. We paid for our life of ease, though, when we got back, for longer, ever so much longer, daily lessons were given to us and a whole quarter's lost work distributed through the rest of the remaining time. Just as we got nicely settled in the harness and our minds working in the unaccustomed groove of struggling through chapters instead of pages, along came the "flu" once more and the doors of the Hall of Knowledge were compelled to be closed once again, but this time for only two weeks. There was no resting, though, for school work went right on, for our lessons were all assigned to us in advance and everything had to be outlined and handed in within a certain date. I never imagined students would be overcome with pleasure at seeing school open, but there was never a happier crowd than us when we could recite to a teacher instead of outlining pages of material.

Basketball suffered the most on account of the influenza, than any other athletic. We were working up good

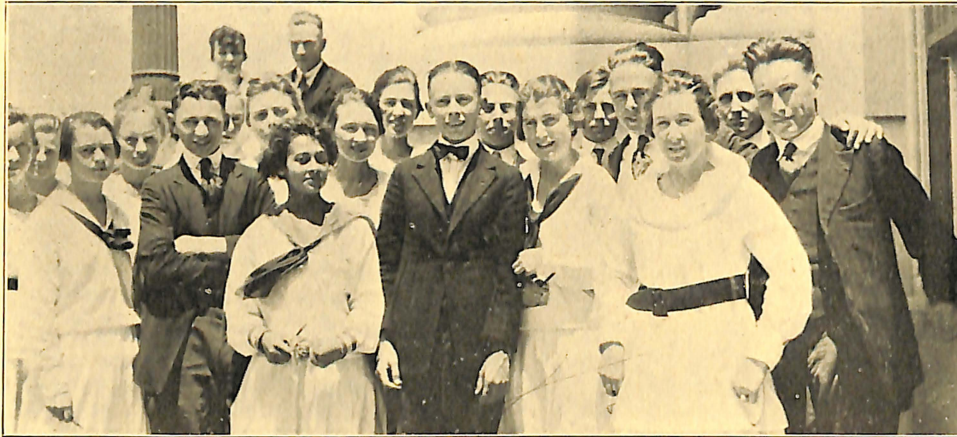
teams with fine, snappy practices, when it came. The boys' coach, and incidentally our commercial teacher, Mr. Spaeth, was called away to war and left us in pretty bad straits. It was some time before we could obtain a suitable substitute. By that time the schedule had been called off and the interest in that particular game fell off.

Say! Do you know that when a student wishes to show a visitor around Armijo it is with a heart bursting with pride at the actual building itself and all the wonderful equipment it contains, but when it comes to pointing out the grounds for athletics, it takes all the courage we possess to exhibit those grassy, rock-bestrewn lots in the rear as our two tennis courts and our basketball court, which are names only, as they are as good as nothing to play on. Another thing we sadly lack is a good track for our boys to practice on. We have the grounds, but that is all. What our boys couldn't do if they had something to train on, isn't worth mentioning, as we possess wonderful material which only needs training, and I'm sure we'd have lots more medals to our honor than we possess now, if they had the proper grounds. As it is, our showing is pretty creditable, considering. The only place for them to work up any sort of speed is on the highway which runs past our school, and I must say they have become very proficient in the art of dodging automobiles.

That reminds me of another missing article and that is a well-equipped gymnasium. As I said before, we have the room, but the furniture seems to be sadly lacking.

Don't you think in a rich and prosperous community like this you could afford to remedy these defaults? We would surely appreciate it. Just think it over carefully, then act, and please, oh, please, in our favor!

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY



It was a bright August morning in '15. Fifty boys and girls stood lined up for the opening race up the hill of knowledge in Armijo. We knew little or nothing of what was ahead, but we were ready to try the first lap, even though the last, far ahead where we could see those wonderful beings, the Seniors, who were starting their last run, seemed well-nigh unattainable. Principal Mackay gave the signal, and away we went. Some dropped out when only a little of the way had been covered, but further on some took up the race, and at last, in June '16, the first section was covered. Here President Dorothy Mackay, Vice-President Amy Brady and Secretary-Treasurer Howard Goosen threw off their duties, and we all sank down exhausted to wait for the second run.

Ready for the Sophomore race! How proud and important we felt as we arranged ourselves where we could see the Senior goal much plainer than last year, and where we could look back to the foot of the hill and see the wide

eyes and half-envious looks of the Freshmen. How sweet the knowledge that not only no more "hazing" was in view, but that we could apply it ourselves when chance presented. Again the signal was given. This time the way was steeper and rougher, harder to traverse, but it was accomplished, and we appeared very self-satisfied, being possessed of the intelligence that with the help of President Aileen Beguhl, Vice-President Ellard Williams, and Secretary-Treasurer Leslie Gordon, we had actually taken part in School affairs.

Seventeen! The second lap done, the third begun! We were really Juniors, and the Senior goal was only one section ahead. We raced up this still more difficult steep, taking part very extensively in social and business school life, and with Mary Phillips as President, Howard Goosen as Vice-President, and Chester Petersen, Secretary-Treasurer, gaining a number of honors.

And how we have finished. Our work, toilsome and hard, is done. Our good times as members of Armijo are over. We have climbed the last exceedingly steep incline, with Raleigh Peabody, President, Leslie Gordon, Vice-President, and Mary Phillips, Secretary-Treasurer, and are ready to rest a moment at the top before plunging off into the rest of our race with Life. We are proud of our career, we are proud of our members, some of whom have joined us this year, though the number has dwindled to almost half of the original. But we are proudest of all of dear old Armijo, whom we bid good-bye and good luck forever.

N. L. B. '19

MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS



Amy Brady



Arthur Bailey



Isabel Bray



Nellie Bryan



Howard Gossin



Olive Greene



Leslie Gordon



Alta Hammond

MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS



Olivia Hayt



Edward Kemp



Bernice Lang



Charlotte May Mayfield



Julian Morrison



Mary Phillips



Amasa Moore

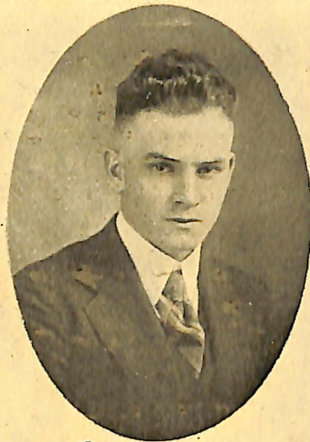


Mildred Pollard

MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS



Edna Rinset



Raleigh Peabody



Jewel Roberts



Elaine Swanson.



Chester Petersen.



Josephine Luni



Alfred Sparks



Rose Wilson



Ellard Williams.



Prophecy

I am a prophet but I wasn't always this way. It happened like this. Once upon a time I fell in love. Course I did, everybody does. Well, I've never been the same since that time. In fact I went from bad to worse. I used to talk, make love, and sing to the trees, the rocks, the vines, the hills, the stones, the stars, and the moon. I did this so much that Nature took me into her confidence and told me things that other people don't know and the above-mentioned now all talk to me and they have informed me that:

Amy Brady, the blue-eyed baby of our class, will have a catastrophical future. While swimming across the Atlantic Ocean she will be overcome by a small but persistent "eddie." "O, Death, where is thy sting?"

Howard Goosen, our champion pole-vaulter, will meet his fate in Hong Kong, China. While breaking the world record he will jump clear off the earth and float around forever in the cold, thin atmosphere. Howard always was a bright guy and when the wise old astronomers see him shining afar they will call him the new constellation of Towse.

Said star, the Constellation of Towse, will have great effect on the future life of Mildred Pollard. Whenever he

shines around her house she will Getlovesickandraveabout-howard.

Arthur Bailey, while running the pool room in Elmira, will become entangled in Cupid's ties, captured by the smiles of a certain little black-eyed Senorita while playing "Baseball" on the guitar. Bum, like me, will never be the same again.

Elaine Swanson, our coy little brunette, will lead a most ridiculous life. She will be greatly effected by the moonlight, by heroes and villains, and, at the age of twenty-two, will become head matron of an Old Maids' Home.

Leslie Gordon, you can't scare 'im,
Will spend the rest of his life in a harem,
Covered with gold and diamonds and pearls,
Sitting on cushions surrounded by girls,
While the Nile flows by so stately and calm,
Each girl will fan him with a palm;
Sweet music sounding so soft and low,
That will be a heavenly life, I know.

Charlotte Mayfield will become a famous doctor. She will develop a method of painless heartbreaking which all women will use in the future.

Eddie Kemp, our mathematician, will figure out how to lick Jess Willard by Trigonometrical methods. There will be a mistake somewhere, probably a mathematical error. Anyway the doctors will put him on a diet of collar buttons and rabbit ears and Eddie will be nursed back to health and happiness by the gentle care of a certain little Freshie brunette.

Edna Rinset will devote fifty-four years of her young life teaching the heathen in China. She will then return to America and give lectures on "The Care and Conduct of Chinamen."

Julian Morrison will lead a revolution in Mexico. He will be shot through the head and also shot in Chihuahua, but it won't hurt him any. After the battle he will marry a black-eyed senorita and settle down as president of Mexico.

Olivia Hoyt will become a movie star and world famous for her "Kiss Me Kiddo Toe Dancing." She will ride in a million-dollar limousine and be attended by thirty maids.

Ellard Williams, our hurdler, will have an easy time. Being used to practicing running on the streets of Fairfield, as we have no track, and jumping over Fords and everything in his way, it is no wonder that he became a bear at hurdling. Well, he formed the habit and whenever he meets any difficulties in his future life he will glide "over the top." He will hurdle all obstacles and finally become a gilt-edged millionaire.

Olivia's only rival on the screen will be Mary Phillips, who will play the part of a hula-hula girl. She will vamp a fellow from Oakland and

He will go to the altar under protest,
Perhaps for the worst, perhaps for the best,
After it is over 'twill be easy to see,
That he won't be what he used to be.

Chester Petersen, the chemistry shark, will edit a new cook book. His invention on how to make apple pie out of potatoes, shoe strings and lard, will make him famous thruout the whole wide world.

Alfred Sparks, our baby boy, will grow up wide and tall. He will have but one weak point in his whole life, and that is that every night at midnight he will——

"Jump out of bed,
Stand on his head,
And yell at a sixty-mile rate,
Hey diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
I'll sell you a Ford while you wait;
Stand back! Don't hurry!
Don't crowd! Don't worry!
I sell them both early and late!"

Jewel Roberts will be a poetess free, and travel far and near. Her fame will be renowned all the way from Suisun to Fairfield. The poem that will make her famous is——

I know the moon is made of cheese,
That the world is cruel and bold.
I know I hadn't ought to sneeze,
But I've got an awful cold.

Bernice Lang will be known thruout the land,
As the famous "leader" of the Hawaiian band.
This seems funny, as her one sweet dream,
Was to be the "leader" of a U. S. marine.

Isabel Bray will be the first woman president of the United States. On her cabinet she will appoint all the members of the Bug Club.

Amasa Morse will become an inventor. His greatest idea will be an ideal settee to put in the parlor when the gas is low. This settee will be controlled by levers in such a way that one of the occupants can operate it so that it will gradually grow smaller, and instead of sitting like this He She, they'll sit like this, HeShe.

That fair, sweet girl named Nellie Bryan,
I can't tell this story without sighan,
For it's prophesied she'll soon be dyan,
Now don't all you kids start out cryan.

That small, chic girl named Olive Greene,
The cutest dame that e'er was seen,
Will make a remark so sharp and keen,
'Twill cut a hole right thru her bean.

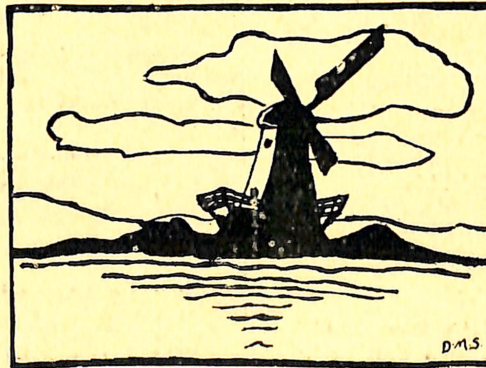
Alta Hammond, while looking into a coal mine, will

fall down into a fathomless chasm, and when sixty centuries from now, her bones are unearthed, the inhabitants of the world will wonder what kind of an animal she was.

Rose Wilson, the basketball shark, will become a professional basketball player. While making a wild dive for the ball she will accidentally swallow it and——let's not talk about tragedies.

Josephine Turri will be the author of a popular book entitled "The Different Species of Sailors and Their Habits." Experience will have formed the fundamentals of her great work. She will become fat, fair, and forty at an early age, also.

Raleigh Peabody, judging by his past actions, his dangerous ambitions and unlimited desires, together with his ability of misstatements and disrespect for authority, will likely become a millionaire or a Bolsheviki, will sit on a throne or in the electric chair. Let's all hope for the best.



HOROSCOPE



Arthur Bailey (Bum)
 Trademark: Dimples.
 Favorite expression: "Hey! Youse guys!"
 Pastime: Talking to Amy
 Ambition: To be a criminal lawyer.
 Destiny: Elmira chimney sweep.



Amy Brady (Ted)
 Trademark: Curls.
 Favorite expression: "I can't, I've got to work on the book tonight."
 Pastime: Looking for somebody.
 Ambition: To run a cattle ranch in Argentina.
 Destiny: Editor of "Life."



Isabel Bray (Belle)
 Trademark: Demerit checks.
 Favorite expression: "I'm in Dutch again!"
 Pastime: Doing everything she shouldn't.
 Ambition: To find the fourth dimension.
 Destiny: Run a reform school.



Nellie Bryan (Vampy)
 Trademark: Those eyes.
 Favorite expression: "Galvin's coming up tonight!"
 Pastime: Meeting the trains.
 Ambition: To kidnap a regiment.
 Destiny: Snake-charmer.



Howard Goosen (Towse)
 Trademark: Style.
 Favorite expression: "No, Mil!"
 Pastime: Burning the gas.
 Ambition: To be the bridegroom at a wedding.
 Destiny: Mayor of Fairfield.



Leslie Gordon (Snookie)
 Trademark: Camouflage tooth.
 Favorite expression: "Are you coming with me?"
 Pastime: Shadowing Charlotte.
 Ambition: To read the girl's mind.
 Destiny: Junior partner in a Suisun shoe store.



Olive Greene (Happy)
 Trademark: Smiling aloud.
 Favorite expression: "That would be telling."
 Pastime: Doing nothing.
 Ambition: To possess a wasp waist.
 Destiny: Dress model at the "Emporium."



Alta Hammond (Ham and—)
 Trademark: Business-like strut.
 Favorite expression: "I can't be bothered!"
 Pastime: Joy riding in Fords.
 Ambition: Run a kangaroo ranch in Australia.
 Destiny: Dishwasher at the St. Francis Hotel.



Olivia Hoyt ('Livia)
 Trademark: Aristocratic atmosphere.
 Favorite expression: "Say, listen!"
 Pastime: Talking about her conquests.
 Ambition: To break the record of the NC-3.
 Destiny: Aviatrix to President Wilson.



Edward Kemp (Eddie)
 Trademark: Swinging gait.
 Favorite expression: "I'll hand it in tomorrow if that will suit you."
 Pastime: Arriving four minutes late.
 Ambition: To invent a freckle eradicator.
 Destiny: Speed cop in Subeet.



Bernice Lang (Bunch)
 Trademark: Enticing grin.
 Favorite expression: "I won't! Shut up!"
 Pastime: Mooning with marines.
 Ambition: To meet a real gentleman.
 Destiny: Leader of a Hawaiian orchestra.



Charlotte Mayfield (Blossom)
 Trademark: Surplus suitors.
 Favorite expression: "I'm off of you for life!"
 Pastime: Breaking hearts.
 Ambition: To know some more boys.
 Destiny: Gordon Valley.

HOROSCOPE



Amasa Morse (Cholly)
 Trademark: Magnetic personality.
 Favorite expression: "Darn it, anyhow!"
 Pastime: Dodging enamored dames.
 Ambition: Amas(s) a fortune.
 Destiny: U. S. delegate to League of Nations.



Julian Morrison (Tubby)
 Trademark: Willowy figure.
 Favorite expression: "Aw, g'wan. You can't fool me!"
 Pastime: Confiscating pencils.
 Ambition: To mesmerize a miss.
 Destiny: To propel a jinrikisha in Tokio.



Raleigh Peabody: (Rap)
 Trademark: Lispng drawl.
 Favorite expression: "C'mon! Let's go!"
 Pastime: Cranking E. S.'s Ford.
 Ambition: To kill Casey, his rival.
 Destiny: Janitor in Hades.



Chester Petersen (Check)
 Trademark: Beautiful blush.
 Favorite expression: "Ahem!"
 Pastime: Wearing the covers off his books.
 Ambition: To be a lady-killer.
 Destiny: Opium-smuggler.



Mary Phillips (Stockholm)
 Trademark: Length.
 Favorite expression: "Now, don't do that!"
 Pastime: Writing notes to George.
 Ambition: To invent a poetry writing machine.
 Destiny: Hu'a dancing inst.uctress.



Mildred Polland (Tookey)
 Trademark: That black band.
 Favorite expression: "What page?"
 Pastime: Getting the teachers' goats.
 Ambition: To live across the railroad track.
 Destiny: An adorable housewife.



Edna Rinset (Ed)
 Trademark: Gold teeth.
 Favorite expression: "Oh, kids, look!"
 Pastime: Painting the town.
 Ambition: To learn to shimme.
 Destiny: Anarchist.



Jewel Roberts: (Shorty)
 Trademark: Giggles.
 Favorite expression: "Oh, girls, that's funny!"
 Pastime: Chewing the rag.
 Ambition: To be president of the U. S.
 Destiny: Ticket-seller at the Orpheum.



Alfred Sparks (Al)
 Trademark: That haircomb.
 Favorite expression: "Some Jane, I'll tell the world!"
 Pastime: Jazzing around.
 Ambition: Ain't got none.
 Destiny: Barney Oldfield's successor.



Elaine Swanson (Cutie)
 Trademark: Sensible heels (?).
 Favorite expression: "Aw Tubby, give me a radish!"
 Pastime: Eluding the speed cop.
 Ambition: To be independent.
 Destiny: Postmistress in Vanden.



Josephine Turri (Jo)
 Trademark: Pompadour.
 Favorite expression: "Yes, I know him. I met him at _____"
 Pastime: Cutting school to meet a friend.
 Ambition: Forelady of Cordelia cheese factory.
 Destiny: Gymnasium teacher.



Ellard Williams (Willyums)
 Trademark: Neckties.
 Favorite expression: "Let me pack your books, Evalyn!"



Pastime: Wearing out E. C.'s doorstep.
 Ambition: To have a good time.
 Destiny: Gentleman of fortune.

Rose Wilson: (Sis Hopkins)
 Trademark: Irish temperament.
 Favorite expression: "Excuse me for living!"
 Pastime: Starting something.
 Ambition: To keep her temper.
 Destiny: Proprietress of Hotel Fairfield.

SENIOR WILL

We, the departing members of the Senior Class of 1919 of Armijo High School, Solano County, State of California, being almost sufficiently recovered from final examinations to be of sound mind, memory and understanding, and realizing that our High School days are soon to be memories of of the past do make and declare this our last will and testament.

First: To the Board of Trustees, we leave our heartiest thanks for their many efforts in behalf of us during our four years in school. We also bequeath to the above a little "pep" with which to build tennis courts on the school grounds.

Second: To the Faculty we leave the power to control A. U. H. S. Bolshevism and the thoughts of many enjoyable hours which we spent with them.

Third: To the "big Junior class" a little Jazz and the right to acquire the dignity and privilege of Seniors.

Fourth: to the "Jazzy" Sophs the title of Junior, on the condition that they show sufficient tameness toward the coming Seniors.

Fifth: To the Freshies, less sentimentalism and our worthy recipes for bluffing and making excuses.

We, the Class of '19, being of kind and generous dispositions and possessing individual merits, do hereby give them up so they may continue in Armijo School life.

I, Arthur Bailey, bequeath my ability on a "shorter mile" to Walter Gordon.

I, Amy Brady, do lovingly leave Evalyn Crandall my sympathy in her great loss.

I, Isabel Bray, do bequeath my great fondness and gift of argument to Albert Bransford.

I, Nellie Bryan, leave my ability of writing stories to "Honey" Bray.

We, Howard Goosen and Mildred Polland, do jointly leave our place near the locker for a future refuge for loving couples.

I, Leslie Gordon, graciously give my English note book to the waste basket.

I, Olive Greene, my ability to capture marines to some "Man hunter."

I, Alta Hammond, bequeath to Woosie Woolner a new "Tub."

I, Olivia Hoyt, leave my "flirty ways" and a little courage to George Ritchie.

I, Edward Kemp, leave the speed of my car to the clock in the Latin room.

I, Bernice Lang, leave to Mr. Mackay a stenographer.

I, Charlotte Mayfield, do lovingly leave to my little sister, Beatrice, my perpetual quietness (?) and reputation.

I, Amasa Morse, bequeath my fondness for blondes to Percy Nietzel.

I, Julian Morrison, transmit my flirtatious habits to Vernon Mayhood.

I, Raleigh Peabody, bequeath my right to crank Swanson's Ford to "Brick" Morrill.

I, Chester Petersen, leave the perpetual motion of my tongue to Traylor's Chev.

I, Mary Phillips, leave my ability of writing poetry to Caryle Miller.

I, Edna Rinset, do leave my fondness for making a noise to those quiet Sophs.

I, Jewel Roberts, do grant to Ellen Miller a new horse whip.

I, Alfred Sparks, bequeath to Bowdin Kemp the right to wear his hair parted in the middle.

I, Elaine Swanson, leave my little sister, Gladys, to the tender care of a gallant Freshie.

I, Josephine Turri, leave my quietness to "Fat" Blacklock's Ford.

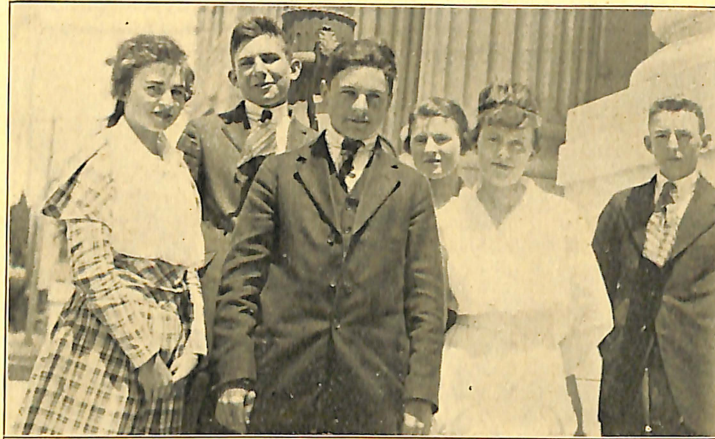
I, Ellard Williams, bequeath my winning ways to next year's "Hurdler."

I, Rose Wilson, leave my place in basketball to Ellen Murphy.

Now, after four years of labor and combat, we appoint the soon-to-be Seniors as executors of this, our last will and testament.

CLASS '19

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY



Talk about it! When we first poked our heads inside Armijo's then strange doors, three years ago, we thought our end was at hand. With great whoops of delight, an overwhelming horde of grinning personages swooped down upon us and—the memory is too painful to discuss, let us go on. The tragic part of it was that we were only seventeen strong, far inferior in number to our opponents, but with our usual indomitable courage, we bore all our sorrows uncomplainingly and triumphantly finished our year with but a few losses in members and great gains in knowledge, led by our unflinching officers—President Charlotte Mayfield; Vice-President Sterling Robinson, and Secretary-Treasurer Albert Bransford.

Well, the next year we made our advent with a bang. With a motto of "Treat 'em rough," we rushed through the year, carried on by sheer nerve and will power, as our number had dwindled to about half, getting sweet revenge

and letting the rest of the school know we were on the map. With our brave leaders, President Albert Bransford, Vice-President Edward Bidstrup, and Secretary-Treasurer Charlotte Mayfield, we finished with a great flourish.

This last year will long be remembered by us. In the first place, we made our grand debut into the real inside life of our busy beehive. We tasted the joys and sorrows of victories and defeats in athletics, as we actually participated in them, and also caused no small ripple in the social functions of the school, although we numbered only eight, three girls and five boys. With a great sigh of relief, we throw off our struggle of cramming knowledge and pulling off social stunts to make our exit into the Senior year, with all its inviting mysteries and the exalting position it holds in the school, followed by our faithful officers, President Harvey Traylor, Vice-President Viola Glusen, and Secretary-Treasurer Donald Wilson. LA VERNE DUNKER, '20

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY



Last year we entered Armijo High,
With our minds made up to learn or die;
When we recovered from our first surprise,
We started out to organize.
Ruth Tillman for president was elected;
She was a good officer, as we expected;
For vice-president we had Clair Keene,
Who for a Freshman was far from green;
Marion Rutherford was secretary-treasurer;
She lived up to the standard we had to measure her.

Our Sophomore year we started with jazz,
For we're the best class that Armijo has.
For president we elected Louie Morse;
Isabel Neitzel was vice-president of course.
After we had made a considerable forage,
We found Percy Neitzel to put the minutes in cold storage.
We are looking forward to our Junior year,
For we know 'twill be full of pep and cheer,
So we wish you all a happy good-night,
For we know you'll see us again, allright!

LOUIE MORSE, '21

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY



On August 26th, in the fall of 1918, sixty children met in the halls of old Armijo for the first time, from every nook and corner of the district. They were surely an odd mixture; every sort and kind of boy and girl were there. Freckles and tan, hair built up high on the head and down in braids; pug noses, Roman noses; big feet and dainty hands—they were all there. In a single instant torn from their native haunts, the wheat fields of Scandia, the Suisun tule, hills and vales of Cordelia and Rockville, and Manka, Dover and Cement, all flung in together into the melting pot of old Armijo.

Like little kittens we timidly nosed through corridors and halls, forever cringeing from some lordly Senior, fleeing from some boisterous Sophomore, to the protecting arms of a kind Junior; afraid of every sound and sight and smell we came in contact with.

They told us we should organize, so we elected a president and secretary and adopted Roberts Rules of Order, and we made ourselves into a class and they called us Freshmen,

just as all other newcomers to old Armijo have been called for years before us.

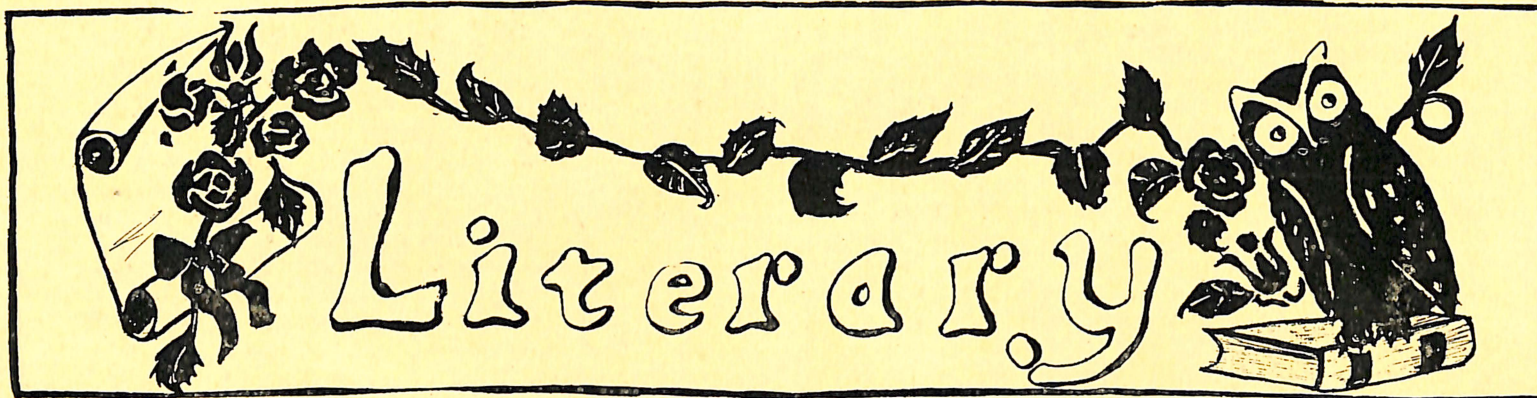
And now we have learned to fight the Sophomore and bluff the teachers and dance and yell, and you can bet your sweet life, that before we leave these classic halls there will be mighty few fellows around that won't have to admit that the class of 1922 is the liveliest bunch that ever came to town.

Our president is Vernon Morrill, our vice-president, Grant Chadbourne, and our secretary-treasurer, Hazel Burdick, and there is precious little money for her to keep.

Our girls are learning the grand old game of baseball and have crossed the bat with several opponents, and the fellows are proving that there are no better athletes in the old school, considering the time we have been at it.

So, here's to the Class of 1922 and here's to our dear old school. May she always have cause to be as proud of us as we are of her.

VERNON MORRILL, '22



LAFAYETTE, WE ARE HERE!

Pershing stood before the tomb
Of the gallant Lafayette;
He thought of the debt we owed to France,
The obligation we'd never met.
He did not speak in lofty words
Nor strive to be sublime;
He did not dream his words would be
Remembered till the end of time.
He saw before him bleeding France,
Which had helped his own dear land
Obtain its long-sought liberty
From a cruel tyrant's hand.
He thought of the Hun's invading horde
Crushing the freedom France holds dear;
He lifted his head and simply said,
"Lafayette, we are here!"

R. B., '21

"THE BATTLE OF THE CATS"

"Go ahead, I like a man-sized lie."
"This ain't no lie, but this is the way it goes."
"It was back in France in them first days, I'd been sent
on scout duty, and the sergeant and I got separated from
the rest. We was wanderin' around what was once a village,
when some bloomin' Heinies threw a bomb, a piece of which
blew the sergeant's knee-cap off. I carried him into the
remains of an old house and made him as comfortable as I
could. He hadn't eaten for a long time, so I started a fire
in what was left of the fireplace, took off my tin hat,
slapped some pieces of bacon into it, and held it over the
fire. No sooner had that tantalizin' odor began to creep
out then cats of every description, long cats, short cats, fat
cats, lean cats, yellow cats, black, white, gray, and varie-
gated cats began running out of every imaginable place, and
they sure was some hungry-lookin' bunch. I grabbed my

erstwhile fryin' pan and ran outside, followed close by that army of felines; so with one great heave I threw the hat and the bacon away, and continued my rapid course. The hat went off to one side, but most of the bacon went down a well, and down went the cats after it. By the time they all got in, the well was so full that their tails were stickin' out like a forest on the top. I saw my chance and ran and clapped the lid on. Just then a party of blasted Heinies rid up. They wanted to know all my business, of course, and why I was puttin' the cover on the well. I warned 'em away, but they insisted, so pickin' up a stray piece of bacon, I kindly presented it to the captain, and then raised the cover. The cats came boilin' out faster than they'd gone down. They smelled that bacon, and they swarmed over the captain like ants over jam. He let off a squawk, and as usual, took to heel. His brave, ferocious band followed, hard after them that seethin', ragin' mass of cats, I guess every cat that used to live in the village, 'cause the last I seen or heard of 'em, they was deserting their trenches to give the precocious feline its place.

NELLIE BRYAN, '19

THAT MICKEY MURPHY

Mickey Murphy is the meanest kid in town. D'you know what he did on'y last week? Well, Aunt Mirandy hed a settin' hen out in the chicken yard, a'settin' on turkey eggs, and Mickey took all them eggs out from under thet settin' hen and put rocks, yes, rocks I said, under her. Well, Aunt Mirandy never'll disturb a settin' hen, so after we hed waited four weeks, she went out to see if 'twasn't near time fer them there eggs to hatch.

We found out about two weeks afterward what was the matter with that kid when he was so sick. It was from

eatin' too many of them eggs. He and thet other child up the neighbor-hood cooked an' et 'em.

You can just tell he's full o' the divil to look at him. He ain't very tall, but he's powerful skinny, and run—say, thet child can run like a deer.

His hair is red as a carrot and freckles—they always go with thet white skin like his'n. He looks just like a turkey egg. He's got a pug nose and 'normous ears, just like a donkey. They say thet means unselfishness and open-fistedness. Well, he sure should be generous if thet's true.

I wouldn't be a bit surprised to hear of thet child goin' into consumption, his shoulders are so narrow. The clo'es he wears is jest dretful, and he's always barefoot, too.

I always will say thet they're a shiftless lot ever since his father, John Patrick Murphy, set fire to thet old barn to get the insurance.

I'm sure I don't know what this town's gettin' to be with the comin' generation. Now when I was a child——

LEAH SHIVELY, '22

THE DIVIDING LINE

At the top of the mountain he stopped and turned to look down into the valley he was leaving behind. It had been his home for twenty-one years, and he knew every foot of the ground. Now, just in early manhood, he was leaving for a new world.

How long he had waited for the day, when he might climb to the top of the mountain and go beyond the dividing line! How often he had climbed the mountain trail and stood on this very spot, and gazed past the line into the other valley that was the great outer world!

A strange feeling of loneliness came over him. With a quick motion he threw down the pack containing all his worldly goods, and stepped aside from the path into a little

clearing, in the center of which was a mound of earth. He dropped to his knees beside it

"Little mother," he whispered, "I am going now to your world, to study and learn as you wished me to do. Beyond this dividing line, from father's world to your world, to live a different life. But I'll come back, little mother, to kneel here again—to show you I'm the man you hoped I'd be." Then he rose, and taking up his pack, resolutely stepped across the line, into the new world.

MARY PHILLIPS, '19

THE BOY WHO COULDN'T ADD FRACTIONS

Once upon a time there lived, in the far-off land of Chile, a little boy who could not add fractions, no matter how hard he tried. One night as he sat by the flickering light of a torch, trying as hard as ever he could to find a least common multiple of nine, six and eighteen, he became aware of a lovely princess who said, "My dear boy, I am the good Princess of Fraction Land. I know you cannot add fractions, and I know the reason why you cannot."

Oh, please, kind fairy," said the boy, "tell me why I cannot, and how I can do fractions."

"My father is the Bad King of Fraction Land and he will not allow you to do your work correctly," answered the fairy. "If you will come with me, I will show you Fraction Land. Come."

She touched him with her wand and, lo! he sank into the depths of the earth and into Fraction Land.

The trees were fraction-shaped and in all the wheels of the vehicles, in places of spokes, were fractions.

The princess said: "Come with me to the king, my father, and we will see if he will allow you to do correct work."

They came to the king and pleaded with him, but he

remained inexorable.

He worked himself into such a high passion that he exploded; all the pieces changed to fractions and entered the boy's head, after which he had no more trouble with fractions.

BOWDOIN KEMP, '22

?

The silent and lonely light,
Flecked and jaded by the trees.
And the stars and clouds,
So fleecy white.
Oh! What a night
For romance.
The blushing warmth,
So soft.
And bliss more than an angel's dream.
The living sweetness—
A touch—then gone.
And then the moon, the stars, the trees,
The faded light of the moon.
And that other light,
A glorious glow,
That dances and dies,
And then revives,
Which, shaded by lengthy lashes sweet,
Is the sign of a love just born,
A promise made.

R. P., '19

"INVERTED"

In Glenn County, there was a little country school, run by one man. This man had let the school die, in the true

sense of the word. The children merely came to school from force of habit. In fact, I, who was in the fourth grade, was the owner of a rather rusty brain, caused by his neglect.

When I passed into the fifth grade, we had a new principal. He hired another teacher for the primary grades, and taught us himself. I realize now, that he was a splendid teacher, but at the time I did not thank him for his treatment.

Mr. McPherson gave us fractions. When we came to the division of fractions, I simply could not remember to invert the terms of the divisor. Day after day, and day after day, Mr. McPherson reminded me to invert the divisor. He explained to me what the word meant, also.

One hot, sultry day, I remember I was barefooted, I was sitting at my desk, with my arithmetic before me, my head resting on my hand and my thought upon the delights of fishing. Every little while, I would daddle with my pencil, and put a figure or so on my paper, then lapse off into my dreams again. At last, I was brought suddenly to earth by the sound of a gruff voice near me, and a firm hand on my arm. It was Mr. McPherson, demanding to see my work. It seemed that what work I had done was incorrect, because I had forgotten to invert. He, becoming angry, took a firm hold on my poor little bare legs, and, before I knew it, I was being bounced lightly, up and down, on my head. He was yelling at me, "You're inverted! Now, do you know what inverted means?" I certainly never forgot what "inverted" meant, nor how to use it.

PAULINE HAINES, '22

TENNIS AND SUNSETS

"Fifteen-thirty, servin' first!" cried our opponent. It was not my receive, and I was not interested in the game that evening, anyway, my attention being centered on an

unusually beautiful sunset. It was one of those warm, mid-summer evenings, when the sun does not set until about eight o'clock. Wonderful pink and golden clouds heralded the departure of the molten red sun. As it slid behind the hills, glorifying them and setting the sky on fire, I stood leaning on my tennis racquet, which, by the way, is a thirteen-dollar racquet and ought not to have been used in that way.

While I stood engrossed in the magic of the scene spread before me, the gold taking on a reddish-purple tinge, I was rudely jarred by my opponent's triumphant cry of "Thirty all, serve!" I tore my eyes from the sky, now covered on the entire west horizon with clouds of a deep purple, with borders of flaming red on the top and orange on the bottom.

"Forty-thirty!" sang out the other side. This roused me enough to make me turn around to where, on the eastern horizon, were shades which made me think of our national colors. A deep pink surmounted the hills. This tint ended abruptly, and was bordered by a beautiful blue, which merged into the very pale blue of the higher skies. These dainty colors were in deep contrast to the flaming majesty of the west horizon.

"Game and set!" cried our opponents. So we started for home, swinging our racquets, and I, bearing in silence the dark looks of my partner, did not think that the evening had been entirely wasted.

FLORENCE ROE, '22

SPRING FEVER

I was tired—I was very tired—I was so tired my locomotive powers were almost paralyzed. I yearned for the vision of a seventy-five horsepower machine haltin gby my side, while I could vividly picture the ecstasy which would

be mine when the driver said, "Want a ride?"—but no delightful experience of that kind was in store for me; instead, as I journeyed on my solitary way homeward, I became dimly aware that someone was hailing me. I turned groggily around to greet one of my acquaintances who was rapidly overtaking my loitering footsteps.

"Hello," she said briskly, "the sun is rather hot, isn't it?"

"Hello," I answered mechanically, hardly realizing I spoke.

"What's the matter?" she inquired. "You look tired! What have you been doing?"

"Oh," I said dreamily, thinking of the delights of shady trees, tinkling brooks, and soft, grassy banks, "Oh, I have been pursuing the vicissitudes of an afternoon's shopping."

"What's that?" she exclaimed sharply. "Vicissitudes! What's the matter? Aren't you feeling well?"

"No," I replied, then continued in a monotonous tone, "I'm somewhat fatigued by my efforts to make the clerks understand what I want. They're so beastly mechanical that they almost force me to adopt the doctrine of predestination."

"Predestination!" drawled my friend wonderingly, "Predestination!"

"Don't you know what it means?" I asked indifferently.

"Oh, yes," she vociferated, "but it's so hot, let's not talk politics."

I was too weary to inform her that predestination was not a political term, so she talked on, but I heard few of her utterances, for I was deep in a lethargy from which I awoke once to maliciously compare her monologue to that of a dog barking at the unheeding moon.

When I reached my home, I bade her goodbye by saying, "I would be highly elated if I should discover in myself any latent possibilities of elevated oratory such as you possess. Do not think your eloquence and magniloquence have escaped my attention because my idiosyncrasies and eccen-

tricities make it appear in that light, for despite my peculiarity of seeming inattentive to such worthy expounders of science and philosophy, I am nevertheless truly appreciative of their intrinsic value."

She stood gasping in the road while I hastened to the shade of our trees, hoping that the realization of their coolness would equal the anticipation of them.

RUBY BRADY, '21

MIDNIGHT

I had been having a good time in town, and had trudged my way to the cemetery, on my way out to my friend's house to bum a place to sleep the rest of the night. I was tired and figured that if I cut through the cemetery to the house, I would only have about half as far to walk.

So passing through the gate, I entered the "City of the Dead." I walked down the gravel road, thinking deeply of matters far away, when the siren at Cement screeched forth the fact that it was midnight. Involuntarily I turned and looked behind me. Then my whole being froze to the spot where I stood.

I have been frightened before in my life; I have been in auto accidents, was rescued from drowning all but too late, and used to be afraid of the dark, but never before have I had the feeling I now experienced, as I stood in the graveyard at midnight; each hair on my head heartily endeavored to rise higher than the others, and the effect was that my hat fell unheeded to the ground.

I don't know why I was frightened, for what I saw looked to be a very beautiful thing. Perhaps it was too beautiful! I will never forget that picture. The trees stood motionless, outlined faintly against the dark sky. The white tombstones stood out boldly in comparison with the dark sod. And there in the dim starlight the ghost and I

stood facing each other. Such a wonderful ghost!

All this I saw in an instant. The next instant my companion of the "Silent City" moved, turned and bounded away among the shadows. At its first move, I changed from stone back into a human being. Impulsively and without thought, I gave chase to the fleeing vision.

My feet seemed to have wings. With the fluttering white thing always before me, I ran with the freedom and the wildness of the night. Around the tombstones, hurdling the low iron fences, over the tops of the mounded graves, zigzagging everywhere, we ran. Then gathering the runaway ghost up in my arms I looked into the face of the prettiest little, blackhaired, dark-eyed girl I ever saw. And what I saw in her eyes, I dare not describe, dare not even remember. She did not speak, did not move, but I felt suddenly faint and suffocated. I staggered and caught myself on somebody's tombstone. And she, running on, disappeared among them.

From my pocket I drew forth a Fatima and applied the flame. There are times when a cigarette is a wonderful thing. Afterwards I walked home. It was six miles, but it quieted my nerves somewhat.

The next morning, I again visited the place of my midnight adventure. Again I walked down the gravelled path, and picked up my hat where it had fallen the night before. And then in the light of the mid-day sun, I followed the tracks of the race I had run.

Although I watch for her always, I have never since seen my companion of that night.

RALEIGH PEABODY, '19

SERENADE

The birds are hushed in the wildwood,
Where today they sang for me,

Yet their voices linger in my ears, love,
For they sang sweet songs of thee.
The moon shines down from her mansion far,
And the stars round about her gleam,
O, look out at me my fair one dear,
Awake from thy love-dream.
With love entreating
My heart is beating,
As I sing my song to you.
Do not forsake me,
O, maiden, wake thee,
For my love is true, is true.

The night is still, ah, very still,
'Tis a wondrous Lover's night;
Yet here alone I wait for thee
For the sound of thy footsteps light.
Cans't thou not hear me thus entreating,
I, who love you so well?
Ah, come, ah, come, fair maiden dear,
Let Love cast on us his spell.
Ah, come to me, dear,
Ah, come to me here,
For I love, I love but thee;
And my love will last
Till all is past,
And the world has ceased to be.
M. P., '19

THE PUPPY AND THE FOX

Once upon a time there lived a small puppy, who stayed on a lonely farm, surrounded by large fields and forests. The man who owned this farm had much trouble with the dog, because it was always running away. This made him

very angry, because when the puppy ran away, he had to look for him.

One early morning the little dog went out into the forest, where he chased rabbits and birds until he was far from home. He went so far away that he became lost. He ran and ran until he came to a strange farmhouse. The farmer who owned this place saw him, he caught him and locked him up, saying to himself, "I have found a good dog at last."

It was not long before the puppy began to get lonesome. He got so lonesome that he began to cry.

A black crow, who happened to be sitting on the top of a small tree, heard him and determined to help him. So he flew off to the forest, near which was the home of the puppy. In the forest he met a fox.

He said, "I know where there are some very fine chickens."

"Where?" asked the fox.

"Follow me," replied the crow, and he led the fox to the place where the puppy was tied. The fox stole a chicken and ran. The farmer then turned the puppy on the fox, who ran to the forest, followed by the puppy. When he got there he found that his old home was nearby.

He ran home and was so very glad to get there that he never ran away again. He lived happily ever after.

VERNE MORRILL, '22

A DREAM

In your dreams you sometimes see the strangest sights. One which I'll never forget was a phenomenon of the sky. I seemed to be in a lonely place when suddenly an instinct compelled me to look at an object in the sky. I gazed at it intently for a time and slowly and majestically the object grew into a gigantic feather of the most exquisite coloring. The quill was white with a few small silvery feathers at

the larger end. The greater part of the feather was bluish black, with red spots, regularly spaced from the center. Surrounding the red was a ring of a color which I have never before seen, a shade between crimson and gold. The effect was beautiful. On the tips of each long plume-like part of the feather, red and the same peculiar color gave the effect of melting away in rays which illuminated the surrounding atmosphere. The sky near this mysterious feather changed from one bright hue to another, until finally the whole spectacle faded away. I looked for it a long time and once I thought I saw a tiny miniature of it far away. Whence it came or how my imagination could call up such a sight in sleep, will ever remain an unanswered question in my mind. Perhaps it was the feather of a Bird of Paradise? Who can say?

EDNA RINSET, '19

A FRIGHT FOR NOTHING

Standing alone in the middle of the attic, I peered curiously about. Suddenly the candle which I was holding aloft in my hand went out. As the darkness closed in about me, I felt a prickly sensation in my scalp, although there was nothing to be afraid of. Tap! Tap! What was that? Tap! Tap! There it was again! My heart rose into my throat. Tap! Tap! I felt a mad desire to run somewhere. Gruesome tales of the ghost that was supposed to inhabit this particular attic arose in my mind. Tap! Tap! Would my shaking fingers ever relight the candle? At last it was accomplished. Bolstering up my failing courage, I cautiously proceeded in the direction of the sound and found—now what do you suppose? It was a string of dried peppers swaying against the wall in a small draft from the window. I felt like kicking myself.

AMY BRADY, '19

MY FIRST VICTORY

I remember vividly that bleak and cold November day in Idaho. The snow had piled up about three feet and everywhere the world was wrapped in a white sheet, shimmering in the sunlight. The bare trees were loaded down with snow and as the sun shone, it glittered like so many gems.

I was on my way to the meat market when I heard someone whistling an airy tune. I turned and saw my enemy, the boy who called me names. He was evidently in a very happy mood, and I hastened up my steps lest he call me names again. But he also hastened, caught up, and deliberately stuck his tongue out at me, calling me all manner of names. It made me so angry that tears came to my eyes, but I bit my lips and walked on, the boy beside me jeering and laughing.

Suddenly, I swung around, jumped on him and tripped him so he lay on the snow on the slippery sidewalk. I pounded and kicked with all my might and pulled his hair so that he screamed with pain. Then I saw a thin stream of blood issue from his nostrils. I let go and stood staring at him. He had made little resistance, and whether it was the sight of the blood or the exhaustion, I sat down, and hot tears flowed down my face.

My home-made mitten had fallen in the struggle and lay in the snow. The boy slowly rose, looked at me in a dazed manner and suddenly took to his heels. I did not go to the meat market, but instead turned my footsteps toward home, feeling very sick. But I had had my revenge.

KIMI GINGO, '22

TENNIS AT ARMIJO

They advanced upon the tennis court, evidently intent

on a game. Then they stopped and an earnest conversation began.

"I called you up last night, and you weren't home."

"Oh, I was out. Jim and Harry and Mabel came over and we all went for a ride in Jim's new car. Gee! It's a dandy! Jim says he can get ninety miles an hour out of it, and I believe it. Jim's a wonderful driver, he just——"

"Oh, I know you think he's wonderful, but where did you go?"

"First we went to Black Cap's and when we came back we stopped at the Firewoman's Ball. I had a wonderful time and, Oh! I got a trade-last for you!"

"For me? What? Tell me!"

"From someone you'd be interested in, too."

"Oh! Who? What is it? Tell me—tell me!"

"Well, I was talking to Phil last night and——"

"Phil? Phil Anderson? Did he—did he say something about me? What was it? Tell me."

"I don't believe I will."

"Oh, please! Please! Tell me now!"

"Well, I was talking to Phil last night and——"

"And what? What did he say?"

"And he said——"

"Well?"

"And he said that it was wonderful to know a girl like you, you were so clever."

And thus having played the game to their satisfaction, they returned to the gym without even batting a ball.

RALEIGH PEABODY, '19

A VISION

On this Arbor Day, nineteen nineteen,
I see in a vision a fairer scene,
Than greets us now, as we look around
Our treeless, seatless, high school grounds,

Though out in front 'tis a pleasant sight,
 Around in the back it's a "holy fright."
 With the broken windows and sheds and shacks
 Where the wind blows in through the holes and cracks
 And it shouts to me—What it whispers to you—
 The things which the trustees ought to do.
 That our noble building shall proudly stand
 A picture done by a master hand.
 Her walls reflecting the noonday sheen
 Like a pearl in her setting of emerald green.
 I see in the future with prophet's eyes,
 More stately buildings before me rise.
 Out there on that lot now rank with weeds
 (Where the village bossy cow now feeds)
 A building suited to house your steeds,
 With their fleet rubber feet and sides of steel—
 Or would it be tin? Should the varnish peel!—
 And here where the grass grows green and tall,
 New courts for tennis and basketball.
 Where high school boy or high school maid
 Shall play, or rest, in the quiet shade
 Of acacia or walnut; or under the stars
 Breathe the spicy scent of the deodars.

What's that you say? 'Tis only a dream?
 And we will never see this new regime?
 My friends, this dream is coming true,
 Just as I'm telling it to you.
 For spineless cactus and seedless grape
 Have shown us the way of our escape
 From the disagreeable things of life
 Which cause so much of its worry and strife.
 And things are changing with rapid pace
 On the face of the map and the map of the face.
 I see in the future the powder-less nose
 Taking its place near the thornless rose.

While domestic science for us will bake
 In a fireless oven an eggless cake.
 And the shirkless student and the grouchless teacher
 Are as common a sight as the preachless preacher.
 When kings and princes and high-heeled shoes,
 And influenza and "Old Bill Booze"
 Are known no more by modern men
 But are sunk in the past—like the eggless hen.
 When come-off-less buttons and ripless seams,
 And hurtless dentists—and all such dreams—
 Have come to pass—or come to stay—
 And "union labor" (with higher pay)
 Has reached its heaven—the workless day,
 Then we'll come out here and sit at ease
 Under good old Luther's walnut trees.

B. P. KEMP, D. D. S.

Clerk of Board of Trustees.

BABIES

A baby since this life began
 Has been God's greatest gift to man;
 Within a baby's smile there lies
 A fleeting glimpse of Paradise.
 Time was I thought that none so base
 But bending o'er a baby's face
 Felt something stir within his breast
 And for a moment lived his best.
 Babes to pity brutes have moved,
 Babes have the human instinct proved
 In men whose souls with crime are red;
 They came to kill, but kissed instead.
 This thought my mind with horror fills,
 'Tis such as these the Kaiser kills!

O. G., '19



DRAMATICS



Feb. 12, 1919

Dere Emma:

I ain't rote you for some time and as I had nothin better to do I thot I would let you know what we are doin. Of course I don't expect you to understand it all, bein you ain't been away to school like me. So I'll tell you what we did anyway. We had a program, you probably don't understand that being you ain't had no edjucation. Well it's a show where people get up and talk and read things. Today (I guess you don't know it) is Lincoln's birthday. Now Lincoln died a long time ago but we still celebrate his birthday. This is who spoke and what they spoke.

- 1 Roosevelt's Tribute to Lincoln.....Charlotte Mayfield
- 2 Mrs. Bixbys Letter-Lincoln.....Pauline Haines
- 4 Gettysburg Address-Lincoln.....Victrola
- 5 Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address, in part, Ruby Brady
- 6 Original Estimate of Lincoln.....Evelyn Woolner
- 7 Anecdotes of Lincoln.....Alfred Sparks
- 8 Life of Lincoln.....Olive Greene

You didn't notice my name menshuned. Well I'll tell you the secret. The principle didn't want me to show 'em up so he told me not to feel hurt because I wasn't goin to preform. Well so long till next time.

Feb. 22, 1919

Dere Emma:

I aint herd from you for a long time but bein I am what I am I will over look it this time I guess you are about finishin my other letter cause it was so correctly rit, but you gotta get used to the hibrow stuff if you want to go with

me when I come back. We had another program you see this is Washington's birthday so we had to celebrate. Some day they will all be celebraten my birthday cause I'll be so famous. Only yesterday the principle told me if all the kids were as bright as me there would be no need for high schools. Well now this is Washington's Birthday Program:

- 1 Song, America.....School
- 2 The Birthday of Washington.....Evelyn Woolner
- 3 Young Manhood of Washington.....Olivia Hoyt
- 4 Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the
American Armies.....Vernon Mayhood
- 5 Washington's Farewell Address to the Armies
.....Julian Morrison
- 6 Our First President.....Edna Rinset
- 7 Washington's Death and Burial.....Orvin Fry
- 8 Quartette, "Mount Vernon Bells".....

Messrs. Jones, Firehammer; Missess Wolff, Tucker

Yours till I rite again,

March 7, 1919

Dere Emma:

Well youre hearin from me again an I don't suppose you ever notice the date on my letters. Of course I don't expect you to know what they mean, you never bein away to school. Well this afternoon we had a Program (I told you what they was) cause it is Arbor Day and Burbanks birthday. Now I guess I'll have to tell you who Burbank is sos you'll appreciate it. Burbanks the man what makes cactus grow without thorns and maybe he'll make water-melons grow without seeds and all kind of things. He gave

SENIORS PLANTING ROYAL BLACK WALNUT TREE



the high school a tree the Royal Black Walnut, it is a new discovery of his. Now I guess you want to know what the program was like. This is it.

- 1 Planting Song.....By the School
- 2 Introductory Remarks.....W. M. Mackay
- 3 Roosevelt's Arbor Day Letter.....Amasa Morse
- 4 Arbor Day in the Schools.....D. H. White
- 5 Scripture Selections.....Edward Kemp, Ralph Prather,
Isabel Neitzel, Louis Morse, Marguerite Bray, Donald
Wilson, Jane Chrisler, Hazel Burdick, Amy Brady.
- 6 Trees.....Dr. P. B. Kemp
- 7 Selections from Classical Authors.....Evalyn Crandall,
Ellen Jacobson, Viola Glusen, Elaine Swanson,
Isabel Bray, La Verne Dunker, Albert Bransford,
Gaines Dinkelspiel, Howard Goosen, Arthur Bailey.

- 8 Quartette, "I Know a Bank".....Miss
Wolff, Miss Crandall, Mr. Firehammer, Mr. Jones.
- 9 Life of Burbank.....Olivia Hoyt
- 10 Some Thoughts About Arbor Day.....S. R. Barnett
- 11 Lecture With Lantern Slides.....J. W. Mills
- 12 Song "Chorus of Pilgrims".....By the School
- 13 Planting of Burbank Royal Walnut trees.....Senior Class

Yours to the end,

_____?

May 14, 1919

Dere Emma:

I ain't got much time but I herd somethin today what made me glad I come here. Now it is a secrut and you mustn't tell no one. The Seniors are goin to give a play

called "What Happened to Jones" and these are the ones in it.

Jones, who travels for a hymn book house.....Amasa Morse
 Ebenezer Goodly, a professor of anatomy.....Alfred Sparks
 Richard Heatherly, engaged to Marjorie.....Leslie Gordon
 Antony Goodly, D. D., Bishop of Ballarat.....Edward Kemp
 Thomas Holder, a policeman.....Arthur Bailey
 William Bigbee, an inmate of the sanatorium.....Ellard Williams
 Henry Fuller, superintendent of the sanatorium.....

.....Julian Morrison
 Mrs. Goodly, Ebenezer's wife.....Olive Greene
 Cissy, Ebenezer's ward.....Olivia Hoyt
 Marjorie, Ebenezer's daughter.....Mildred Pollard
 Minerva, Ebenezer's daughter.....Edna Rinset
 Alvina Starlight, Mrs. Goodly's sister.....Jewel Roberts
 Helma, Swedish servant girl.....Mary Phillips

Now remember what I said, this is a secret.

Yours till I come home,
 _____?

May 22, 1919

Dere Emma:

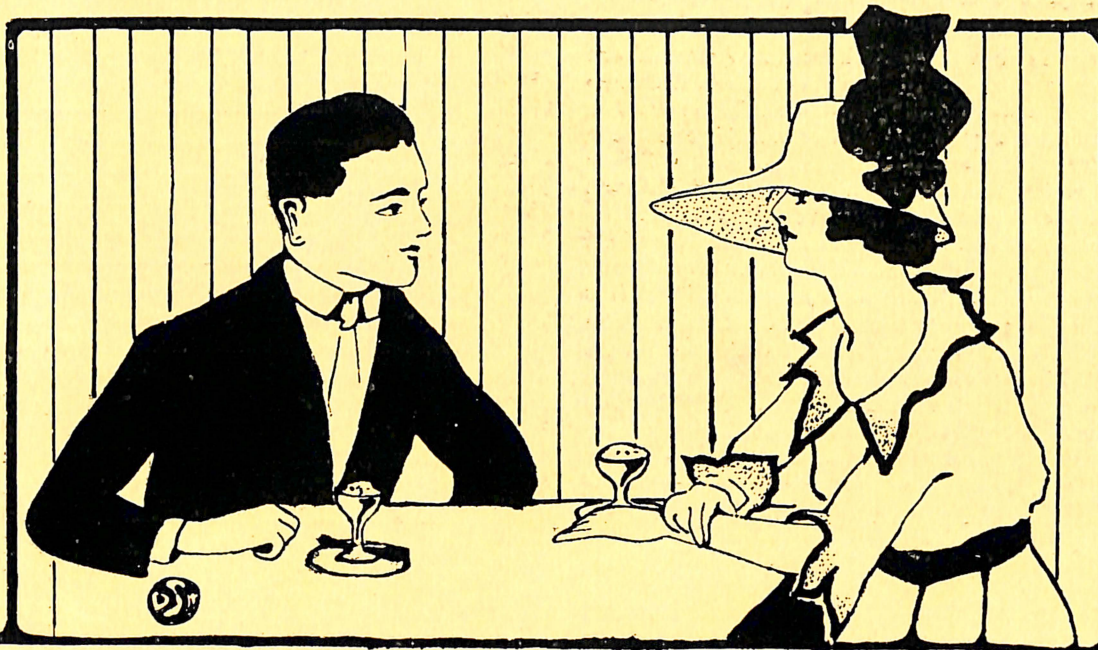
Now this is the last letter your'e going to git from me this term. As I'm comin home the day after school closes. The last week is very busy an so I wont git to rite you any more. You see Wednesday the Seniors have there play and Thursday graduation exercises. Now I told you about the

Senior Play but I can't tell you about the Commencement program. I will tell you what that means when I get home becauz I don't know what it will be like but this is what they had last year; and I know this year will be as good.

- 1 March, Selected.....Miss Ballaseyus
- 2 Invocation.....Rev. J. W. McAllister
- 3 June, Schinecker.....Girls' Chorus
- 4 Four-Minute Talk —Peace.....D. Mackay
- 5 Vocal Solo, "The Land Where the Good Songs Go,"
 from "Miss 1917".....
Miss C. A. Tucker, Miss D. Sparks, accompanist
- 6 Commencement Address, "Service".....
Hon. Marshall
 De Motte, President of State Board of Control
- 7 Vocal Solo (a) "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind,"
 Thomas Lene; (b) "With Jockey to the Fair,"
 Folk Song.....Miss Ida Hesser, accompanist
- 8 Four-Minute Talk, Food Conservation.....
Lillian Mortensen
- 9 Fight for Old Glory, Hadley.....Senior Class
- 10 Remarks.....Principal Mackay
- 11 Presentation of Diplomas.....
S. R. Barnett, President of High School Board
- 12 Reception.....Graduating Class

Yours till I see you,
 _____?





S O C I E T Y

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The first important social event of the year was the Freshman reception, which was held on the evening of

October 3, 1918. After a short program in the auditorium all adjourned to the assembly hall, which was artistically decorated in the school colors, "Purple and Gold," where



Sailors Hornpipe—Charlotte Mayfield, Olive Greene,
Mildred Pollard, Jewel Roberts, Olivia Hoyt.

dancing was enjoyed. Other forms of amusements were provided for those who did not care to dance.

About midnight refreshments were served in the domestic science rooms, and at a late hour the "Freshie Babies," were rushed home and tucked into bed. Amid sleepy goodnights, all declared they had had a "Jazzy time."

CHRISTMAS BOX

The last day before the Christmas vacation the students had a Christmas box. Everyone received a present and seemed delighted that Santa remembered them.

BOYS' JINKS

The boys' jinks was held at Armijo February 14, 1919. According to the boys they had a "wild" time, and undoubtedly they did. The program was as follows:

February 14, 1919

ARMIJO'S BIG TIME

Beans with the colic baked out—served red hot with plenty of luscious

BROWN BREAD

Harding's very best—takes two days to make. He closes the restaurant to give his whole attention to the manufacture of this luscious food. This masterpiece of Harding's will be served in pools of the famous

BAILEY BUTTER

Butter the like of which no mortal ever tasted before. Bailey says that if there is any left, Jones can have it, so go easy on the butter.

The eats is only a part of the game. Read what follows and know that the only time you have ever had—the only time you ever will have, awaits you Friday night in the good old halls of Armijo.

BOXING MATCHES

Each class will be represented. These matches are called boxing matches, but when the fellows finish you can call them by their right name, for the contestants have been carefully chosen for their well-known grudge against each other.

Freshman!

Kid Langdon—Fresh but tough.

Slim Blacklock—He can drive a Ford to death.

Sophomores!

Sloppy Weather Roland—Eats tule when he trains.

Buckaroo Morse—He eats 'em alive.

Juniors!

Raviola Ferraro—The pride of the Simoninis.
Cyclone Mayhood—Raised on Mangle's strongest.

Seniors!

Rough-House Bailey—Butter fed.
Whirlwind Peabody—In love, but good at that.
Dog-Face Kemp has challenged the winner in each event and the odds are heavy in his favor.

Mr. Boudreau, the famous animal trainer, will give his world famous program as follows:

MULE FIGHT—Maud Ritchie, Jenny Chadbourne.

Other animals will enter after the main event.

BULL FIGHT—Excelsior Petersen, Calistoga Rimer.

These bulls have been starved and tortured for days, and a hot fight may be expected.

THEN—A sack race—and several tugs of war—and aviators' pillow fight from dizzy and uncertain heights—and wrestling matches—and a big basketball game—and if there is anything left of the night we have several other stunts up our sleeves. Remember Friday night, 7:30 sharp.

NOTE! The police have been fixed, and all are assured of a safe and uninterrupted night.

GIRLS' JINKS

Not to be outdone by the boys, the girls held a jinks at Armijo February 28, 1919. After an interesting program in the auditorium, we all adjourned to the assembly hall, where dancing was enjoyed. Everything was running smoothly until the boys bombarded the building. Of course the necessary police force arrived and every boy disappeared, leaving us to enjoy the rest of our pleasant evening unmolested.

DINNER GIVEN TO THE TRUSTEES AND FACULTY

The trustees and faculty were invited to a dinner held in the domestic science rooms by the cooking class under

the supervision of Miss Henrich. It proved to be a very enjoyable affair and much credit is due to Miss Henrich and her "helpers" in the manner they played their part as hostesses.

WEINIE BAKE

On Tuesday evening, May 20, 1919, the Juniors gave a "Weinie Bake," in honor of the Senior Class, at McWilliams' Bridge. A huge bonfire was built, and after playing various games, the hungry crowd gathered around the bonfire and toasted weinies. At a late hour we started for home, and we take it for granted that all present had a very enjoyable time.

SOPHOMORE LUNCHEON

Thursday noon, May 22, 1919, the Sophomores gave a luncheon in the domestic science room for the purpose of raising money to give the Seniors a dance. It was a success financially, netting the Sophs a neat sum of money.

FRESHMEN DANCE

Envious, because the upper classes were having all the good times, the baby class thought they would "put one over on us," by giving a dance in the Wednesday Club, Friday evening, May 23, 1919, only Freshmen being invited. They kept "mum" about it, but we will give them the benefit of the doubt by saying they had a good time.

As "La Mezcla" goes to press before Commencement, it is impossible to write up the other social events, namely the "High School Jinks," the party given in honor of the Senior Class by the members of the faculty, and the Commencement Dance, and a Candy Pull to be given by the Freshmen in honor of the Seniors, which are scheduled to take place.



First row—Charlotte Mayfield, (manager); Miss Tucker, (coach). Second row—Idelle Hironymous, Evalyn Crandall, Olive Greene, Bernice Lang, Ellen Murphy, Rose Wilson, Ruth Tillman, Josephine Turri. Third row—Gladys Swanson, Isabell Neitzel, Ruby Brady, Evelyn Wilson, Mary Phillips (capt.), Amy Brady, Leah Shively, Genvieve Goodell

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

At the beginning of the school year, a large group of girls was enrolled for basketball. Practice was immediately begun, with the hope of having another winning team. Charlotte Mayfield was chosen manager, and Mary Phillips captain of the team. The "flu" broke out during the fall and we could not play games with other schools. The only game which was played was a snappy contest between the Seniors and Sophomores which the Sophomores won by a score of 14 to 11.

This year arrangements were made for three branches of physical training—baseball, volley ball and basketball. The

Freshmen took their class at a different time, while the Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores were divided into three groups for the three games. More interest was taken in volley ball, which was just introduced, and in baseball. Basket ball was almost neglected. The basketball manager tried to secure games this spring with other high schools, but was unsuccessful, until finally Rio Vista High agreed to play us at Rio Vista. The basketball team was gotten together and went to Rio Vista on the afternoon of Friday, May 23. The game was won by Armijo, with the score of 14 to 8. After the game, the Rio Vista girls gave the team a luncheon and dance, and took them to a play. So the year ends up with our team still winner, and strong in praise of Rio Vista.



First row—Leslie Gordon, (manager); Julian Morrison, Mr. Boudreau, (coach); Herbert Roland. Second row—Ellard Williams, Raleigh Peabody, (captain); Albert Bransford, Amasa Morse, Arthur Bailey.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Basketball was started with enthusiasm this year, but slacked up after our coach, Mr. Spaeth, left us and went to war. We then had no coach, so we practiced the best we could, as we had no old players but one, and he tried to coach us. After the flu vacation was over, another coach appeared on the scene and we started to practice with vim again. We played a few practice games and had the regular S. N. S. C. A. L. games.

Practice Games

Vacaville vs. Armijo, 28-8.

Our boys lost this game, but fought hard all the time. The other team played a clean game and won fairly. They beat us by playing all around us.

Vacaville vs. Armijo, 28-18.

In this game we climbed up a little. Our boys were trained better and worked in unison.

Vacaville vs. Armijo, 15-18.

This was the first game of ours in the league, and our boys showed up good by bringing home the game.

Dixon vs. Armijo, 38-34.

This game decided whether we would be the champions of Solano County, but the Dixon team was superior. Both sides fought good and hard. The game was a tie at the end of the last half, and five minutes more was played and they made six points to our three. This put us out of playing the champion team of Napa and Sonoma counties.

The regular team is as follows:

Forwards	Center	Guards
Bailey	Bransford	Peabody (Captain)
Morse		Williams
Roland (Sub)		Gordon (Manager)



First row—Howard Goosen, Raleigh Peabody, (manager); Percy Neitzel, Clemence McGinty, Amasa Morse. Second row—Arthur Bailey, Julian Morrison, Ellard Williams, Walter Gordon.

TRACK AND FIELD

Very little interest was taken in track by anyone of the school except the Seniors. As we have no track we had no place to practice, so we did not put out much of a team.

On May 3, a relay team was sent to Dixon and we carried off the honors, with Vacaville second and Dixon third. Time 1:46.

Practice meet, Dixon vs. Armijo, 61-69. In this meet our boys showed up very good for not having had any training.

Mile—Porter (Dixon) 5:10.

50-yard dash—Morrison (Armijo) 5 2-5 seconds.

100-yard dash—Morrison (Armijo) 10 4-5 seconds.

220-yard dash—Morrison (Armijo) 24 flat.

440-yard dash—Neitzel (Armijo) 59 flat.

880-yard dash—McCain (Dixon) 2:-5.

220 low hurdles—Williams (Armijo) 29.

120 high hurdles—Kelkeny (Dixon) 20.

Javelin—Goe (Dixon) 112 feet.

Shot Put—Peabody (Armijo) 34 feet, 8 inches.

High jump—Peabody, Bransford (Armijo) 5 feet, 3 inches.

Discus—Saltzen (Dixon) 89 feet.

Broad Jump—Bransford (Armijo) 17 feet, 6 inches.

Pole Vault—Tied for first place: Dixon 6 points, Armijo 3.

THE REGULAR S. C. A. L. MEET

Mile run—(1) Allison (Vj); (2) Keilburg (Vj); (3) Porter (D)—5 minutes 3 1-5 seconds.

50-yard dash—(1) Smith (Vj); (2) Welsh (Vj); (3) Fallman (RV)—5 3-5 seconds.

220-yard low hurdle—(1) Welsh (Vj); (2) Hettleson (Vj); (3) Freitas (RV)—25 4-5 seconds; record.

220-yard dash—(1) Fallman (RV); (2) Stevenson (Va); (3) Smith (Vj)—24.3 seconds.

440-yard dash—(1) James (RV); (2) Smith (Vj); (3) Hunter (RV)—51 3-5 seconds.

120-yard hurdles—(1) Welsh (Vj); (2) Stevenson (Va); (3) Peabody (A)—2 minutes 15 seconds.

100-yard dash—(1) Morrison (A); (2) Smith (Vj); (3) Freitas (RV)—11 1-5 seconds.

880-yard run—(1) Allison (Vj); (2) Keilburg (Vj); (3) Peabody (A)—2 minutes 15 seconds.

Relay—(1) Rio Vista; (2) Armijo; (3) Vallejo—1:46.

Field Event

Discus—(1) Choppell (Vj); (2) Kern (Vj); (3) Chandler (Va)—89 feet.

High jump—(1) Welch (Vj); (2) Peabody (A); (3) Pracht (Vj)—5 feet 3 inches.

Shot Put—(1) Kern (Vj); (2) Chandler (Va); (3) Peabody (A)—34 feet 11 inches.

Broad Jump—(1) Stevenson (Va); (2) Freitas (RV); (3) Lyons (Va)—12 feet 11 inches.

Javelin—(1) Goe (D); (2) Kern (Vj); (3) Morse (A)—118 feet 2½ inches.

Pole Vault—(1) Goosen; (2) Rogers (Vj), Kern (Vj), Chandler (Va), tied for second—9 feet.

Result—(1) Vallejo (67½); (2) Rio Vista (24); (3) Armijo (20); (4) Vacaville (17½); (5) Dixon (6).

THE REGULAR S. N. S. C. A. L. MEET

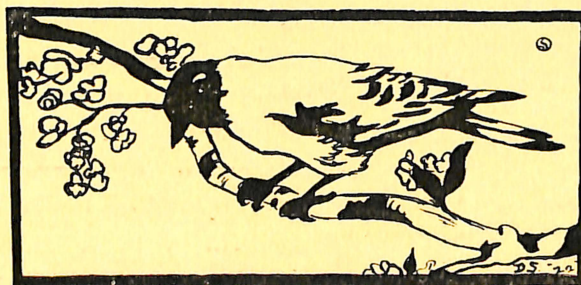
The regular S. N. S. C. A. L. meet was held at St. Helena, with twelve schools represented. Our boys brought home the following medals:

Williams received a silver medal for second place in the low hurdles.

Morrison received two bronze medals for third place in the 100- and 220-yard dashes.

Goosen won fourth place in the pole vault.

Peabody tied for fourth place in the high jump.





For the past two years very few exchanges have come into the doors of Armijo. We do not know what the cause is, but in the future we hope that more exchanges will leave and enter the abode of Knowledge. Last year only one book was received, and that was the "Nap-a-nee" from Napa. We cannot criticize this book because we do not know under what circumstances they worked. It is needless to say that the high cost of living has had something to do with it—for we know it has. The fate of our own book hung in the balance on that account, but we argued pro and con and finally decided in its favor.

Then again it may be our own faults. Perhaps we have neglected sending copies of our own "La Mezcla" to your

different institutions, but we will try to remedy this matter in the future. This year we have a large exchange list and intend to send you all a copy of our "annual" and we hope you will do the same by us. We surely do appreciate your exchanges, as our frequent bawling-out in the classrooms, and our demerit checks for inattention indicate soon after the arrivals of various fascinating school exchanges with their interesting and sometimes familiar pictures, school activities, witty joshes, snappy snaps, etc. It is with the hope that you gain as much enjoyment and anticipate the coming of our annual as we do yours, that we send you this.

E. W., '19



ALUMNI



1916

Frank Alexander—With S. P. at Suisun.
Thelma Brown—Teaching in Lagoon grammar school.
Darwin Bryan—Attending Stanford.
Cecil Coffman—Mechanic, Bay Point.
Francis Connelly—Teaching in Alamo district.
Roma Ellis—Home in Suisun Valley.
James Garst—Attending Washington College, St. Louis,
Missouri.
Frank Haines—Working in Bakersfield.
George Hay—Home in San Benito County.
Kenneth Hopkins—With S. P. in Suisun.
Madeline Lenahan—Attending U. of C.
Hazel McMurray—(Mrs. Kenneth Hopkins) Field's,
Suisun.
Olive O'Neill—(Mrs. C. Williams) Sacramento.
Sylvester Pascual—Attending University of Chicago,
Chicago, Illinois.

Marcus Petersen—Attending U. of C.
Chester Roberts—Home in Suisun Valley.
Della Sherbourne—With McMillan Book Co., San
Francisco.
Dorothy Sparks—Attending U. of C.
Carmen Williams—With Holt Mfg. Co., Stockton.
Wilbur Woods—U. S. Naval Reserve.
Doris White—Teaching in Fairfield.
Lee Rathbone—Working in Vacaville.

1917

Mildred Bidstrup—In Imperial County.
George Brady—With S. P. in Suisun.
Pearl Bryan—(Mrs. Yorton) Napa.
Otis Burrell—Home on ranch in Napa County.
Cleotis Burrell—Wells-Fargo Bank, Oakland.
Harold Comphele—Working in Oakland.
Beatrice Clayton—Home in Fairfield.
Ernest Crowley—Attending U. of C.

Dorman Downing—Attending U. of C.
 Robert Garst—Attending college in Richmond, Virginia.
 Antone Gerevas—Working in Oakland.
 Victor Goosen—Deceased.
 Myrtle Lambrecht—With J. P. Griffiths Abstract Co.,
 Fairfield.
 Lloyd Grotheer—Home in Suisun Valley.
 Eaton Mackay—Attending Stanford.
 Ruth Morrill—Attending San Francisco Normal.
 Charles Murphy—Home in Fairfield.
 Lulu Neitzel—Attending Munsen's, San Francisco.
 Georgie Nelson—Stenographer in San Francisco.
 Lillian Schinkel—In Cordelia postoffice.
 Errol Sherbourne—With Canton Insurance Co., S. F.
 Phyllis Whitby—Home in Fairfield.

1918

Adeline Beck—Home in Suisun Valley.
 Alma Beck—Home in Suisun Valley.
 Aileen Beguhl—Attending San Jose Normal.

Beatrice Bransford—Attending San Jose Normal.
 Isabel Comphele—Home at Tolenas.
 Alice Connelly—In K. I. Jones' office, Fairfield.
 Arthur Garben—With Standard Oil Co., Davis.
 Virginia Johnson—Home in Fairfield.
 Julia La Shelle—Attending San Jose Normal.
 Dorothy Mackay—Attending Mill's College, Oakland.
 James McCoey—Home in Watsonville.
 Lillian Mortensen—Attending Heald's College,
 Sacramento.
 Aileen Ridenhour—Home in Suisun Valley.
 Clayton Sarasin—Working in Benicia.
 Shirley Smith—Working in Oakland.
 Clement Tillman—With P. G. & E., Suisun.
 Augusta Torp—In B. W. Dobbins' office, Fairfield.
 Elsie Turri—Attending Heald's College, San Francisco.
 Arvin Tuttle—Employe at Mare Island.
 Wilma Vennink—Home on Grisly Island.
 Roberta Wing—Home in Fairfield.
 Arthur Wittke—Working in San Francisco.





SNAPS

WG"22



"Kill Me if you will, but spare My Life."



"This's Me"



"No fair"



Noted Bluffer



"Ain't we got fun?"



ARMIJOS



AMAZON



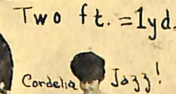
What do you know!



And they call them teachers.



"Call them off"



Two ft. = 1yd.

Cordelia

Jazz!



Somebody's!



Toobad; but it's true!



Bow-wow!



Zo!

Yes!



Ted's



Sophisticated Sophs



JAZZ!



Manhazers(?)



Young Casino's Hope



Armijos-Toughs-In-Fresho-



IN-"DUG"-TION



Who says Freshmen are slow?



Beginning young



↑ Distance! ↑
The First stages!



?

- You don't say -



Where is he?

(Armijo's)



(Dictionary)



- Mexico -



So me thing tells me

- AW-COME-ON -

- Caught in the act??



Do they bite??



"CHIEF!"



Pinched in Santa Barbara!
(As Usual)



GRRR!!



OH SLUSH!



- OH Boy! -



- Something's going to happen -



"Let'er Flicker."



"NOW STOP!"



- We'll never tell -



"Treat'em Rough!"



HUH!



- In Captivity -



A Puncture!!



Armijo's Vamp!!



Looking for a man!!



- Our babies -



Now he's off Women For Life! Maybe!



O H
There you ARE!



- They've quarrelled
SINCE -



"SOME TOURISTS" -
ARM JES



PASS IT!!!



- ESCAPED -



"BUMS"



"Kid
smiles"



- MORE FRESHNESS -
CIRCUMSTANTIAL



LONG AND SHORT OF IT
SMATTER?



- Some speed -



Waiting.



- You don't say -

- IMAGINATION -



Don't bother me!!



Evidence!



"Heart breakers"



Who's
Looking?



Where
is he?

You
ought
to
see
him
RUN!



Guess who?



GO ON!!



Presently



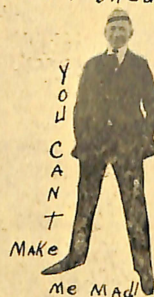
"Pat"



I CAN'T be ANNOYED!



He Loves me



YOU
CAN'T
MAKE
ME MAD!



Don't bother me!!



"CHICK"

He's
IN
LOVE.



"CHAMP'S"



↑
Soph.
"SAMPSON"

- Go ON -

- Wake up -

- JUST SOPHS - THATS ALL -



Gobs?
"At your service"



"What will we do on a
Saturday night?"



Cute, ain't they? Sis Hopkins.



Bolshevik!!!

"That's worth
considering."



The prides
of
Cordelia.



Let'er Buck!



Gordon's Hope.



"On the beach at
Waikiki."



Rhyming couplets!!

Charlie's
double.



"Ah, there you
are."



Great Hearts!



Burdick's Pride!



Where AT??



"Hello!"



Showing Raleigh
how.



Look!



"Sure, we'll be there."



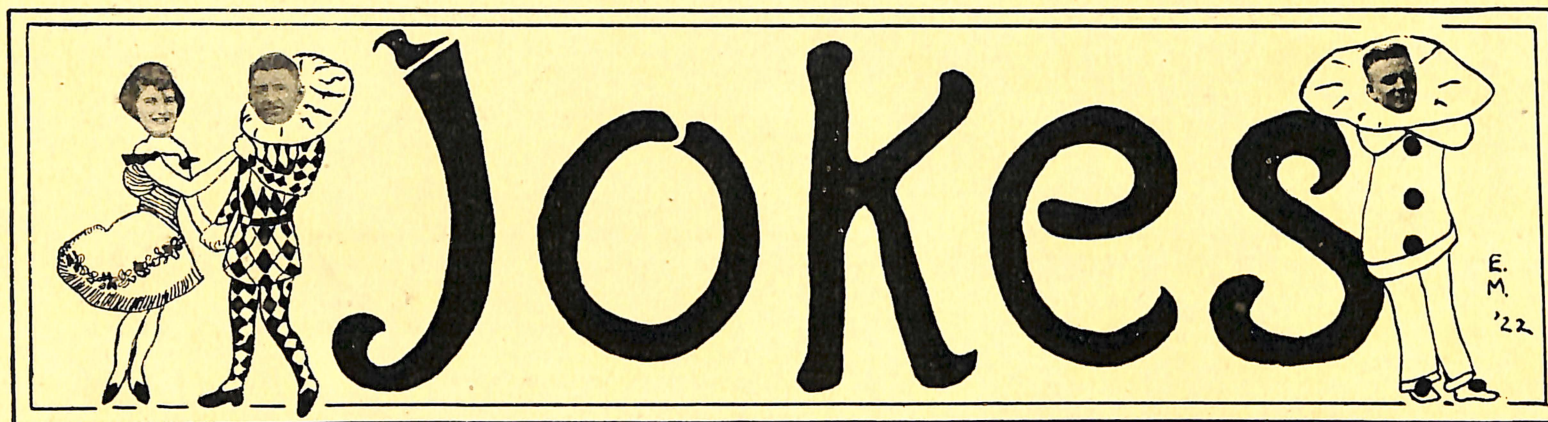
Where do we go
from here?



Oo-la-la!!!



CAMERA DAY!!



A TRAGIC ADVENTURE

I opened the window, looked cautiously out,
 The place was deserted, no one was about.
 I thrust out my head, prepared to go through;
 Stealing from barracks was nothing new.
 The sergeant refused to let me go to the dance;
 So to steal out the window was my only chance.
 With only my head out, I sought a place to land,
 So interested was I, I let go with one hand,
 My other hand slipped; the window fell on my neck,
 It roused all the fellows who helped out my wreck.
 Swearing, the sergeant appeared on the scene,
 Demanding to know what the racket could mean.
 I knew it would do me no good if I lied.
 The sergeant asked if I was committing suicide.
 It made me so mad, I felt ready to fight;
 'Oh, no!' I retorted, 'I was kissing the window goodnight.'

RUBY BRADY, '21

Albert: I see Shady has a new siren for his car.
 Bright Freshie: You don't say! What happened to the blonde?

Clever

Senior: Are you going to take gym tonight, Elaine?
 Second Senior: No, she's going to take Raleigh.

Miss Wolff: Louie, how much is one-half times one-half?
 Louie: (looking wise) One.

Harvey in Chemistry (fumbling with chemical bottles):
 Where in thunder is the H₂O?

Mr. Firehammer: Where is the University of Wisconsin?
 Mil: In New York.

Now What Do You Think of This?

Al and Charlotte were earnestly conversing one day
 when Charlotte said, "Al, if you don't go away from me
 this minute, I'll—er—I'll kiss you."

Al: Well, I'll stay here five then.

Well Known Sayings

Mr. Firehammer: Well, now we'll continue.
Miss Tucker: Get right down to work.
Mr. Mackay: We'll not wait for the bell.
Olivia: He was perfectly marvelous.
Mil: Where's Howard?
Mr. Jones: Say, Papa!
Tubby: I could get a gold one.
Harvey: I can go with other girls if I want to.
Ellard: With a little training I could have had first place.
Miss Wolff: Be serious.

Science Prof.: In what state is this water?
Bright Freshie: California.

Add These to the General Clean-up:

The dictionary on the piano in the study hall.
George Ritchie's bottle of bandoline.
Mildred Polland's lip stick.
Eddie Kemp's would-be brains.
Al Spark's jokes.
Bum Bailey's "bull."
Mr. Mackay's finger-nail file (knife).
Olivia's bluffing.
Belle's sarcasm.

E. Wilson—Say Margaret, Harvey always puts his arm around you in the show, doesn't he?"

M. Connelly—Oh! he does that all the time.

Voice of Mother: Mildred, it is very cold down there.
Have you something around you?

Mildred: Yes, Mother. Towse is here.

Queer!

Harvey T.: You know, the funniest thing happened last night. I saw someone and thought it was someone else.

Bright Frosh

Ellie (in Com. Arith., explaining an example): You plus this.

Herbert (in Eng. II): We rented a boat from a farmer fifteen feet long.

Seen! ! !

One night after school, it doesn't matter when, it doesn't matter where, but D. Severson and A. B., hugging each other for dear life. Oh! Boy! This is the life for me.

What We Dare Not Tell

Who Tubby took home after the Senior party.
That Ed Kemp is getting "sporty."
Where Ellard goes every night after school.
Whose picture is in Olive's locket.
Why Belle Bray persists in arguing.

Found—A long brown hair on the front of Raleigh's coat, just over his heart. Owner apply at Mlle. Inowhositis hairdressing parlors.

Wanted—Enough spunk to talk to Amy every time I desire.—Chester Petersen.

Lost—A beautiful soprano voice. Finder please return to Lena Vogel, Freshman prize singer.

Reward—\$10 for the arrest of the guy who put the spark in Sparks.

Wanted—Jazz and Pep to feed the Student Body. Please send it in immediately. I will pay a good price.—Alfred Sparks.

Wanted—By several Seniors, a few credits.

Strayed—Ellard Williams and Evalyn Crandall. Last seen walking along the streets of Fairfield. Finder please return to A. U. H. S. and receive reward from Student Body.

Wanted—By the Juniors, a little Jazz.

He Tells Them All the Same

Elaine: Raleigh said I had wonderful dimples!

Freshmen Talk

Mr. Mackay—Raymond, if you had a little more spunk you might stand higher in your class. Now do you know what spunk is?

Fat—Yes, sir, it's the past participle of spank.

Miss Tucker: Take your seat.

Bright Soph: Where shall I take it?

Miss Wolff (in Biology)—When is the best time to drink water?

Louie—When you are thirsty.

Bright Soph—Did she sing a solo?

Equally Bright Frosh—No, she sang a hymn

A Joke—Grecian Robes.

Louis, in Eng. II, speaking of grafting trees: "You cut off your limb and split it."

Mr. Firehammer: What are bees good for?

Mildred P.: Honey.

O. Greene: What did you call him?

Fresh—Don't the basketball boys get dirty?

Soph—What do you suppose the scrub team is for?

Can You Beat It?

B is for the beauty he possesses,
U is for the U-boat that he steers,
D is for his dainty sweet caresses,
D is for the darling that he is,
I is for the island where he's stationed,
E is for his eyes of real true gray.
Put them all together, they spell Buddie,
The boy that stole my heart away.

E. WILSON

I Want To Borrow—

Arthur Bailey's hair;
Amy Brady's height;
Isabel Bray's skill at mathematics;
Nellie Bryan's jazz (?);
Howard Goosen's girl;
Leslie Gordon's flirty ways;
Olive Greene's grin;
Alta Hammond's wit;
Olivia Hoyt's excuses for not taking gym;
Edward Kemp's automobile (?);
Bernice Lang's dialect;
Charlotte Mayfield's recipe for bluffing;
Julian Morrison's elephantine size;
Amasa Morse's collection of ties;
Raleigh Peabody's practice in making love;
Chester Petersen's rowdiness (?);
Mary Phillip's poetic qualities;
Mildred Polland's hot socks;
Edna Rinset's noise (?);
Jewel Robert's giggle;
Alfred Spark's jokes;
Elaine Swanson's Ford;
Josephine Turri's regiment;
Ellard William's winning ways;
Rose Wilson's speed in typing.

A. L. H., '19

Shy Freshman

Miss Siberts to Kimi—Kimi, wouldn't you like to be in our Spanish play?

Kimi—N-o-o-o!!

Miss Siberts—Well, why? What are your reasons?

Kimi—Oh, because I-I-I- might get stage struck.

Julian (coming into basketball)—"Hey, Charlotte, where's Margaret's skirt?"

Things We Have Tried To Get:

Dear Editor:

For the past year, we, the undersigned, have been trying to get many things. Have we been successful? We are leaving that for you and others to judge by sending you a list of a few things, to be published in your paper.

Raleigh's attention when he is talking to Elaine.

Mr. Firehammer's answer to questions we ask.

A couple of basketball courts on the school grounds.

Miss Henrich to walk quietly.

Rec's in every report.

The crystal in Raleigh's watch, on which is Dorothy S's picture. (P. S.—We heard Elaine's was there first.)

Interest in the Student Body meetings.

Mil Polland to wear quiet stockings.

Basketball games.

Some Joke!

Morrison: They are going to have a walnut tree in the auditorium today.

Mayhood: Are they going to plant it there?

Tubby (gazing at the calendar)—The Pilgrims landed on my birthday.

Alta—Yes, I see one did, anyway.

Found—In the Christmas Box

"In the hall was heard an awful racket,

The building shook, I thought 'twould crack it,

The noise continued long and loud,

As up the hall Miss Henrich plowed.

Her heels came down with a fearful force,

It sounded like a runaway horse.

So Miss Henrich, dear, don't look askance,

For now I think I have the chance,

To offer you these rubber heels,

So you may know how silence feels."

Handed in by Albert himself. Some poet, we claim.
"Olive Greene and Albert Bransford walked up and down
the ISLE,

Albert tried to wink and she tried to smile,
But neither one could do their part,
So they will wait awhile."

Love

Some doctors say that love is a germ,
That attracts and makes you sick.
If love is a germ, then I must say,
That bug has an awful kick.

He makes you jealous, he gets your goat,
And keeps you awake at night;
He makes you dizzy and faint and sick,
And everything but right.

He turns your heart clear upside down,
And makes your feet cold, too.
Oh! Mr. Bug, please have a heart.
That is no way to do.

You brainless bug, pray watch your step,
And keep your business straight.
For Katy loves another lad,
And I'm in love with Kate.

You mix things up, and fool around,
And make me dissatisfied.
You get me way up in the air.
And all balled up inside.

But, if it's a fact that love is a germ,
He's a wondrous bug, you bet,
For all that people live here for,
Is the laughter and love they get.

R. P., 19.

How Could She? ? ?

Margaret—I was so petrified that I turned around and ran as fast as I could.

Imagine—

Mr. Mackay waiting for the bell at 1:00 p. m.
The Physics class getting 100 at any time.
Edna Rinset forgetting to study.
The Freshmen looking intelligent.
Olive Greene becoming thin.
Quiet and order during the Sixth Period in the Study Hall.
Miss Tucker forgetting to assign a lesson in Eng. IV.
Louie Morse without a machine.
Edward Kemp getting to school on time every day.
“Check” Petersen doing the “shimmie.”
The Agricultural Class raising a garden.
Earl Goosen as a “rib-breaker.”
Charlotte Mayfield keeping quiet.
Howard Goosen with a new girl.

Freshie to Senior—You look at me as though you would like to eat me up.

Senior—No, thanks. I don't care for greens.

In Eng. III, studying characters in “Idylls of the King.”

Charlotte—Why is Modrid Gawain's brother?

Miss Tucker—Why, they had the same father and mother, of course.

Wanted—A nurse-maid for Ellen Miller, to protect her from the onslaughts of all upper classmen. Must not be effected by red or green. Apply to Jewel Roberts, Student Body President.

Wanted—A Physics class that can learn and will do something. J. H. Firehammer, Destructor.

Lost—An umbrella by Olivia Hoyt with a long handle. Finder return to same and receive reward.

Wanted—An eye-shade for use while I study during late hours. Ed Kemp.

Wanted—A music class that will make me suffer less than I do with my Freshman class. Would rather have singers than howlers. Miss H. Ballaseyus.

FIGHT ON!

“Fight on” is the Senior's motto,
And they follow it with zeal,
If I told you all about them
It would take too long a spiel.

They fought about their colors
From sunrise until night.
Many were the broken hearts,
When 'twas decided for red and white.

Soon another fight took place,
Which attained to great renown,
The question was whether the girls
Should wear a dress or Grecian gown.

The ones who were victorious
Were those who fought for dresses,
And those who were defeated didn't
Give the winners any caresses.

The next row on the schedule
Was about the girls' bouquet.
Tho' some fought hard for roses,
The battle was won for the French nosegay.

“Fight on” is the Senior's motto,
And 'twas written on the stars
That the members all should follow
The brazen war-god, Mars.

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 Ruby Wing '21
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 Marion Rutherford '21
 Mildred Mason '21
 Isabel Nitzel '21
 Percy Nitzel '21
 Dorothy Johnson '21
 Beatrice Mayfield '21
 Mary Borges '21
 Evelyn Craudall '20
 Ruby Brady '21
 Edna Bunell '21
 Walter Loosen '21
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 Clementine McGinty '21
 Jane Chusar '21
 Ellen Murphy '21
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 Aris Klahn '21
 Ruth Sillman '21
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 Margaret Connolly '21
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 Radie Alunker '21
 "Babe" Shively '22
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 Christina Foregger '22
 Mamie Cook '22
 Muriel Alunker '20
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 Leona White '22
 Verna Merrill '22
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 George Ritchie '22
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 Lottardo Fanni '22
 Hazel Mattson '22
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 Grace Burdick '22
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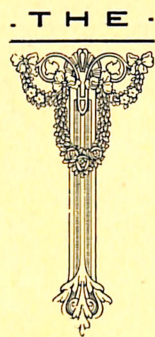
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